Judge Hoke and Sandy Bend Justice

His Honor Makes a Few Remarks to the Multitude Before Taking Up Cases on the Docket.

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"BEFORE purceedin' to take up the cases on the docket," said Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend as he looked his audience over, "I want to remark a few remarks to this multitood. His honor, which is myself and no one else, is the owner of the Red Dog saloon. He are also the owner of a fightin' dog and a race hoss. He also takes a hand at poker with the boys. He's chuck-a-luck with everything that comes along and is known as a good feller. Some of you have taken advantage of this to be familiar with him in this court-

"PINTS A FINGER AND TELLS HIM TO GIT."

room. One of the witnesses in a case the other day referred to me as 'old hoss.'

"Familiarity here in this temple of justice is a thing I won't stand for, and the sooner you find it out the better it will be for you. I ain't growin' the wings of an angel, but the law must and shall be respected.

"The first case before us is that of Tom Keene versus Jim Harney. I observe that each of them has a shyster lawyer present to plead his case, but jest as soon as one o' them shysters puts in his gab out he goes. I understand the case thoroughly, and I don't want anybody mixin' in and tanglin' things up. Tom Keene sits yere on my right with two guns strapped around him and a big knife in his shirt, and Jim Harney sits on my left with nothin' but a grin on his face.

"Tom is what might be called a yearlin' tenderfoot. Back home in the east he diskivers about a year ago that he has consumption, asthma, liver complaint and about a dozen other things, all brought on by studyin' so hard at college. The doctor sends him out yere to recuperate. While recuperatin' he is to save the life of a rich young lady, become a hero and marry her. That's the programme allus laid down by a tenderfoot from Yale or Harvard.

"It strikes Tom when he gets out yere that he will be taken for a boy in knickerbockers unless he wears a few weapons, and so he buys two guns and a knife. Then he wears his hat on his ear, spits over his shoulder and steps high. It ain't on record that he has ever killed a jack rabbit with his guns or used his big knife for anything more than to whittle a stick with, but by rollin' his eyes and clankin' his teeth he has given sartin people to understand that he is dangerous and mustn't be rubbed the wrong way. Even this yere court, which is seldom mistaken, has looked Tom over at times and sot him down as a fighter.

"Tom has a minin' claim over on Cat Creek, and when he hain't swellin' around Sandy Bend and tryin' to skeer somebody into fits he does a little work for his consumption and liver. He was sittin' in his shanty the other evenin', hummin' to himself and thinkin' what a devil of a feller he was and how many thrillin' yarns he would have to spin when he got back to the east and his cocktails, when Jim Harney walks in on him.

"'Deevening,' says Joe.

"'Deevening,' says Jim.

"'Mought you be some galoot who has lost his way?' says Joe.

"'I mought, and then ag'in I moughtn't,' says Jim.

"'Nice sort o' evenin'?'

"'Powerful nice.'

"'Nice evenin' for sayin' what I kin do to obleege ye.'

"'Thanks. Any objections to turnin' out while I turn in?'

"'What d'ye mean?'

"'Nuthin,' only that I'm goin' to jump this claim, and you'll have to move on.'

"That's the way they talked to each other—sweet and oily and nice. Thar sat Joe with his two guns and a knife, and thar stood Jim with a grin on his face and not so much as a straw in his hands. You are thinkin' that Tom bounded to his feet and pulled them shooters and drove Jim fur, fur away, and fur the honor of old Wyoming I wish it was so. But it wasn't. Jim jest looks at him and piuts a finger and tells him to git, and what does Joe do but make a sneak. Yes, gentlemen, he sneaks out without firin' a shot or flourishin' that big knife around, and Jim purceeds to bunk down and make hisself confortable. An hour later, as I was holdin' a full house in a game of poker in my gilded palace of sin, I hears some one approachin' on a gallop, and next minit this yearlin' tenderfoot bust in. He'd run every step of the three miles. His eyes was rollin', and his tongue hangin' out, and it took him three minits to get breath 'nuff to say:

"'Jedge, I want jestice!'

"'What sorter jestice?' say I.

"'The most monstrous kind of jestice.'

"'What's happened?'

"'Jim Harney has jumped my claim.'

"'How many guns did he have?'

"'None 'tall.'

"'But why didn't ye fill him full o' lead?'

"'I preferred to let the law take it's course.'

"Gentlemen, if any of you feel like gittin' up and yellin' the court has no objections. It is 'nuff to lift a dead kyote outer his grave. A critter with two guns and a knife on him driven off his claim by an unarmed man! No wonder that the mountains of old Wyoming are rockin' to their base as they feel the disgrace.

"When a critter comes to me and wants jestice I must give it to him as a court, no matter what I think as a man. When I found that he wouldn't go back and claim his own at the muzzle of a gun I sent a constable to arrest Jim and bring him in. He finds Jim stretched out on Joe's bed and sleepin' the sleep of the innercent. When he was woke up he comes along without a word. He don't deny what he did. He jest grins over it and says it was a leetle experiment.

"Yere's the complainant and yere's the defendant, and it hasn't troubled this yere court to reach a decision. Jim Harney is fined $2 and costs for goin' around scarin' tenderfoots and spilin' my full house hand in a poker game, but at the same time he will be given one of the guns worn by the defendant to pay him for his trouble.

"As for Tom Keene, he will be taken out of his room and booted across the creek, and if he ever shows his face in Sandy Bend ag'in he'll likely have some anxieties on his mind. Before goin' he will pay $5 costs and hand me the other gun. He kin keep the knife to cut his sweetcake with when he returns to his mamma.

"This is all before us today, and we'll shed tears over the disgrace that has befallen this commonwealth and then brace up and hope that there will be a shootin' of some sort this week to wash out the stain and let us hold up our heads ag'in." M. QUAD.

One on Johnnie.

John had invited his "intended" to tea at his mother's house. While the table was being set he contrived to slip a piece of hard loaf onto the bread plate. When the meal was in progress John, to show off his great frugality, said as he lifted the bit of hard bread and began to butter it:

"I never like to see anything wasted."

His mother, who had a habit of paying left handed compliments, remarked, to John's and his intended's discomfort:

"Aye, Maggie, lass, I've always said that when I lost oor John I wad need tne keep a pig."—London Tit-Bits.

Foiled.

Mr. Phoxy—I was going to ask you to try this little trick: Multiply the years of your age by three, subtract twenty-one from the total, and what's the answer?

Miss Kute—You should be able to guess the answer at once.

Mr. Phoxy—Yes? What is it?

Miss Kute—None of your business.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Going.

"The trusts will have to go," said the indignant citizen.

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "they are already going. They are going as far as they like."—Washington Star.

A Good Reason.

Dyer—Did you ever have any difficulty expressing your thoughts?

Nagger—Not since my wife died.—Tarrytown (N. Y.) News.

A New Interpretation.

The Elder—Tammas, d'you ken the meanin' o' a work o' necessity?

Tammas—Ay fine that.

The Elder—Wis shootin' that hare a work o' necessity?

Tammas—It wis that.

The Elder—Hoo d'you mak' that out?

Tammas—Well, ye see, if I'd waitet till the morn the hare w'uld hae been awa'!—Punch.

A Successful Operation.

The patient dies,
His widow cries,
His children join the crowd distressful,
But science saith,
Despite the death,
The operation's most successful.

The loss of life
Beneath the knife
Spoils not the doctor's reputation.
Whate'er befalls,
The case he calls
A most successful operation.

—Life.

PATRIOTIC OLE BULL.

The Greatest Political Influence In Modern Norway.

What was it that made Ole Bull undeniably the greatest political influence in the history of modern Norway? The riddle is easy to read. Although he voiced the peasants, his own voice was that of no peasant, but one of the most severely learned of European utterances. His instrumental mastery was complete, and the technical difficulties of his compositions have left them for the most part unperformable. But Mozart was his chosen theme, worshiped with such an ardor of consecration that the whole range of his works had for him no secret. His fame, therefore, was of that order that opens all doors. Statesmen and chief captains like Bismarck and Von Moltke were his intimates, and he was their confidant. To world artists like Liszt, Chopin and Mendelssohn he was own brother. Indeed, a curious physical resemblance between Liszt and himself led to many amusing contretemps on this score. And sovereigns, diplomatists and great nobles were all proud to name him among their friends. In him, then, Norway had found one who could stand for her in the highest ranks of the nations, learn for her the secrets of statecraft and recover in her behalf the trick of thinking like a king. For this is one of the losses entailed on a people who are governed by foreigners from a foreign seat—that they forget to think of their country as a whole, the habit that is the secret of rulers.

Yet it was only as a man and not by any means as a politician that an autocrat could claim the friendship of the distinguished artist. His own sovereign felt that he had cause for grave offense when the news reached Stockholm, in '48, of his heading a procession in Paris to present the Norwegian colors to Lamartine. But even royal anger could not resist the good stories told on the next visit, and the king stood biting his lip at the careless bonhomie of Ole Bull as he turned suddenly and said, "By the way, sire, you should have been with us the other day in Paris when we went to acclaim Lamartine."—Margaret E. Noble in Century.

WOMEN'S WEAR IN WARTIME

Homemade Cloth of Many Kinds. Scraped Horn For Hats.

We had one cotton mill to spin the warp. The people stood in line to get a bunch of cotton for warp. The filling was yarn, cotton, flax and tow. We got our dyestuff from the forest. It was almost as bad on timber as the tanbark trade is now. There was great rivalry among the women to see who could have the prettiest dress. I have a quilt made of cotton and linen called a "Confederate" quilt.

The clothing for every member of the family was made from the raw material, carded, spun, woven, dyed and made with homespun thread.

The tow linen cloth had one peculiarity. It was a great stretcher. It was often exchanged for other things. A man and his wife started to town with cloth sufficient to get some articles. On the way he remembered he needed a gimlet also. He told his wife. They decided to tie the ends of the cloth to two saplings, he to stretch a gimlet out of it.

I took great interest in the silk industry. We fed the worms on mulberry leaves, and such beautiful silk we did have. A bright stripe in a cotton dress made it very fine. A family made gloves, beautiful silk mitts, with bees embroidered on the back. Nothing went to waste. The thorn trees furnished us pins and hairpins. Our millinery was our crowning effort. Hats were made of cotton thread crocheted, put on a block, stretched very stiff and ironed, then wired. We had homemade flowers and all kinds of material for trimming. A cloth frame made stiff and covered with scraped cow's horn was much admired, if it did look like a cocoanut cake.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

This Stream Runs Up Hill.

One of the few instances of a stream running up hill can be found in White county, Ga. Near the top of a mountain is a spring, evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east, and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic ocean. Of course it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

Overconfidence.

It is a dangerous point in any man's career when he feels sure of his position or his fame. Overconfidence is the first sign of a decline, the first symptoms of deterioration. We do our best work when we are struggling for our position, when we are trying with all our might to gain our ambition, to attain that which the heart longs for.—Success Magazine.

The Real Tests.

"Is he a thoroughly honest man?"

"I don't know," answered the man from Missouri. "I have trusted him with hundreds of thousands of dollars, but I never tried him with a book or an umbrella."—Washington Star.

Missed Her Chance.

May—I believe that Miss Passey had a proposal when she was sixteen.

Blanche—Indeed? And the poor thing was so young and thoughtless that she did not accept?

The oftener a man loses his temper the more he has of it.—Galveston News.

THE COUNTRYMAN'S RETURN

[Original.]

The first frost had come and the leaves were turning. Through a meadow flowed a shallow stream lazily. A road wound around the base of a wooded hill, dividing it from the meadow. The only sound was an occasional cawing of a crow far up among the tops of distant trees.

A man in the prime of life came walking down the road. He was city dressed and had the quick motions of a city man, but as he walked he slackened his pace, now and again pausing to take in some feature of the view long ago familiar to him. He had often walked this same road as a country boy. Again he drove the slow moving cows. Again he held the reins behind the horses with which he had plowed since dawn on the way to the barn. Is it strange that his quick city step should have slackened to that of a country lad?

Caleb Cox was about to put in practice the dream of years. As a boy he had been restive under the hardships, as he called them, of country life and went to the city to better his condition. He was of an energetic type and succeeded. Slowly he accumulated till by a lucky stroke he secured ample means with which to work. From that time money making had been easy, and at thirty-five he was rich. Then he determined to visit those he had left behind and help them. He would place his old father and mother where they would end their lives without the necessity for work. Then when he had seen them in perfect comfort he would retire from business, go abroad to see the world and leave labor to those who were obliged to labor. This was the dream that had inspired Caleb Cox for eighteen years.

Passing around the hill, he came upon a snug farm. The gate clicked behind him, and, entering the farmhouse door, he took an old white haired woman in his arms.

"Mother," he said, "don't you know me? I'm Caleb. I've come back after my long absence to make you and father comfortable. I've got all the money I want and don't intend to make any more"

"I'm glad to see you, my dear boy. It's been a long while that you have been away. I've longed for you all these years. Why haven't you ever come to see us, Caleb?"

"Why, mother, I couldn't get away. There was no one that I would dare put in my place for a minute, but never mind that. I have been rewarded for my sacrifice—your sacrifice. I'm going to take you to the city and put you in a fine house with plenty of servants to wait on you—you and father. Just think of it! You can get up when you like and go to bed when you like, and nothing to do but amuse yourself."

The old woman drew away and looked at him with a kind of fright. "My dear boy," she said, "what would I do in a fine city house? And what would your father do? Could you give us the comfort we have here? Would a stony street be the same to us as the stream yonder? Would we like to hear the noises of the trolley cars as well as the songs of the birds? And what would we do without the barn and the spring house, the stock and the chickens?"

Caleb stood looking at the old woman, a load settling upon his heart. Was this the outcome of his dream? Was this what he had struggled for and what had kept him so many years from his dear mother? When he left her her hair was brown, in her cheek was color. Since then eighteen years had brought her to the close of her life, eighteen years of separation that could not be lived again.

There was a step on the walk, and the father came in. After the greetings Caleb began again the story he had been telling his mother, but this time in a faint hearted tone, and, instead of informing his father what he proposed, asked the old man what he could do for him.

"Nothing, dear boy, nothing. Time was when I would have jumped at the money to pay off the mortgage, but since it has been lifted I notice that my last object has been taken away. Don't deprive me of what spur for action there is left me in my old age."

"But father, mother, you are obliged to rise with the sun, and at evening you are so tired that you go to bed when people in the city find relaxation from labor. With you it is all work and no play."

"My boy," said the old man, "with us our work is our play. We never hurry to get through our labor so that we may play, for we do our work breathing the pure air and listening to the sweet sounds that surround us. Hardships we have, but were it not for the hardships our lives would be a dead level, without contrast, consequently without enjoyment."

Caleb, loath to give up what he had so long struggled for, argued that in the city a new life would open to the old people that would afford them an interest which would not be exhausted so long as they lived. He offered to take them with him on his travels. All was of no avail. They said that the noises of the city would bewilder them and they would die if deprived of the home in which they had spent their lives.

Caleb Cox went back to the city a changed man. Instead of selling out his business he promoted some of his employees to be co-managers with him. Then, after a brief season of travel, he returned and devoted himself to his business, not as he had done before, but in moderation. A large portion of his summers he spent on the farm with his old father and mother.

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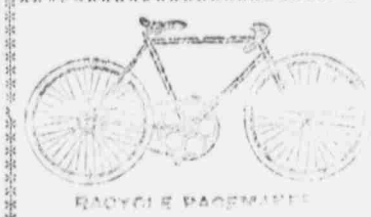

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